

GRASSHOPPER.

"Take care there, Mr. Grasshopper! I'm afraid you don't see where you are going. You'll get caught in that spider's web the next you know."

But he kept on jumping as carelessly as ever a grasshopper could, and never minded a word I said. Up he would go, without any thought as to how or where he would come down. There was a spider's web in the tall grass just before him.

"Take care," said I, "or you will get into trouble. Don't you see that spider's web?"

He winked at me saucily, and said: "You just attend to your books!" (for I was getting a lesson in geometry). "I guess I know how to keep out of a spider's web!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when up he went again as heedlessly as ever. A shiver in the web and a bending of the grass told the story. One of his hind feet had caught, and with an awkward curve he had come around to hang with his head downward and his back to the web.

"There!" said I; "didn't I tell you?"

But the grasshopper's pertness was not diminished.

"There's only one foot caught," said he; "there are

five free yet. I'll show you. Just see here!" and he turned half-way over and gave a push with his free hind foot, but instead of pushing his other foot free, the one he pushed with was caught, and he was worse off than ever.

"There!" said I again.

But he interrupted me, and said, in the midst of another convulsive struggle, "Wait a minute; I have four free feet yet."

But the only effect of his efforts was to get all his limbs entangled in the deceptive snare.

And now was the spider's opportunity. Out he came from his hiding-place and ran backward and forward over the body of his victim, spinning each time a thread that made more fruitless the desperate struggles of the grasshopper. It was but the work of a moment, and every limb of the headstrong, silly grasshopper was bound fast, and a web had been spread so thick over his head that I could not see it at all.

This is a true story, children. I saw it with my own eyes. I am older now than I was then; that was a great many years ago. Since then I have seen children as reckless and foolish as this grasshopper, and have seen parents and teachers waste their advice, and to as little purpose as I did then.—Well-Spring.

Our Wee Little Ones

EVELYN MORRIS.

By Edith Truthman.

Evelyn's mother was dead. In fact, she died the night before Evelyn's tenth birthday; so, of course, Evelyn's papa was planning where to put his precious little daughter. He finally decided on "A Presbyterian Boarding School," in LaSalle, where they lived.

About two weeks later, Evelyn and her father were standing in front of the door of a large and beautiful school, which was to be her future home. The door was opened by one of the teachers of the school, who held the little girl's hand in her own warm one while she talked to Mr. Morris. Finally the parting time came. Mr. Morris took his little daughter in his arms and kissed her several times very tenderly, for this was the first time they had ever bidden each other good-bye for any length of time. After he left, the teacher took Evelyn down stairs to the play-room, and there she met several little girls of her own age.

Now, Evelyn was by no means a model little girl, and in picking out her best friend this is what she said to herself, "Now, that little Marjorie Moss is entirely too poor, I can not take her for my friend, because her dresses are not pretty, and I don't suppose her mother and father are nice, either. Lillian Oring is very nice, but she seems to me a little bold, and my dear mamma would not like me to grow like her."

At the thought of her mother she began to cry softly.

Then the teacher, seeing this, hastily took her to the dormitory, where the little rows of white iron beds and

TASKS FOR EACH.

Each little bud opens into the flower,
Each little minute aids to make up the hour,
Each little raindrop on a mission is sent,
Each little breeze is for some good intent,
Each song of bird makes the morning more bright,
Each little sunbeam helps to make the world's light;
So thus learn the lesson this teaches to you,
There's a work—though you're little—that each one can do!
—Harold Farrington.

"CAN'T GOD COUNT?"

Two children were carrying a basket of cakes to their grandmother. As often happens with children—and with grown people too—they were curious to know what was in the basket, and so they carefully raised the lid and looked in. When their greedy eyes saw the tempting cakes, their mouths fairly watered to take them. After counting them over several times, they almost made up their minds to eat just one of them. Nobody would know it, and it would taste so good.

While they were gazing at the cakes, and were just ready to take one, the little girl looked up into her brother's face and thoughtfully asked the matter-of-fact question, "Can't God count?"

This settled the matter immediately, and all the cakes were carried to their grandmother.

dressers were. She passed two happy hours unpacking her trunk and placing the many little knick knacks her dear nurse had thoughtfully packed up for her. Finally the supper bell rang, and May Belle Sanders, a very rich little girl, whose sweetness had not been spoiled by her wealth, came into the dormitory and took Evelyn down to supper. Evelyn was very bashful and did not eat much. After supper, May Belle took her to the children's library and gave her one of the Elsie's books to read. Then they went to evening prayer, and then to bed.

Evelyn knelt by the side of her bed and poured out her lonesome story to Jesus. For, as little as she was, she understood that He was the only one to comfort her.

Her head was full of plans of nice letters to her father and nurse, and she decided that May Belle would do for her friend, and she fell fast asleep.

Little Rock, Ark.

SIX LITTLE FOX TERRIERS.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl five years old. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday school and church. My teacher is Mrs. Gardner. We have six little fox terriers, just two weeks old. I have been sick, but am going to start to the kindergarten as soon as I get well enough. I will have to close. Hope my letter will not reach the waste basket, as I want to surprise my mother and father.

Your little unknown friend,

Clifford Pratt.

Decatur, Ga.